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LAURENTIAN'S STUDENT NEWSPAPER

SUDBURY, ONTARIO DEC 7 1978

ELDORADO SLAMMED: UNACCEPTABLE RISK IN PROF'S VIEW

by Simon Rosenblum
[presented to the Federal Environment Assessment Panel, November 29, 1978]

For many years, the labour movement in Sudbury and its supporters have complained that, like the weather, everybody complains about secondary industry but nobody does anything about it. It may seem paradoxical that the Sudbury and District Labour Council and Local 6500 of the Steelworkers have been among the most vocal critics of Eldorado Nuclear's proposed uranium refinery at Dill Township. Sudbury workers are indeed eager for increased employment opportunities but they are not yet "dying for work". And they have every reason for extreme caution in this regard.

There seem to be significant risks associated with the proposed Eldorado refinery. If more time was available, I would discuss such concerns as worker health and safety and the possible synergistic effect of emissions from such a refinery when combined with sulphur dioxide emissions (and other pollutants) already present. Fortunately, the Wanup Citizens Committee and others have

already addressed themselves to these serious problems.

I wish to focus on the problem of waste management and radiation. Questions have been repeatedly raised by numerous scientists, both at home and abroad, about the dangers of low-level ionizing radiation. Scientists have found that low-level waste is much more dangerous than was previously believed and, in many cases, the cellular damage created by continuous low-level exposure is more extensive than the damage created by periodic exposure to larger doses. Low-level wastes are poisoning rivers and lakes and polluting the atmosphere with cancer-causing radon gas.

Eldorado's previous proposal for permanent waste storage at Port Granby was declared not satisfactory by the Environmental Assessment Panel. Indeed, as yet there is no proven method for safe, permanent disposal of such radioactive wastes. And there is little evidence that such a solution is imminent.

As a member of the Sudbury Citizen's Committee (set up by the Sudbury Regional Development Corporation) evaluating the merits of the Eldorado proposal, I had occasion a

number of months ago to ask an Eldorado spokesman to explain why Sudbury should accept a waste management proposal that was rejected at Port Granby. I was informed that the Port Granby proposal involved long term storage while, in Sudbury, "only" short term (approximately 10 years) storage was being suggested. I noted my dissatisfaction with the reply by pointing out that some point short term must turn into long term storage and the problem could not be evaded. The Eldorado spokesman agreed, but assured me and the other committee members that, in the interim period, Eldorado would be putting its "best brains" to work on a permanent solution. Are we to suppose that, up to now, Eldorado's best brains have been in cold storage? Surely Port Hope would be highly insulted with such information.

In effect, we in Sudbury are being asked to buy a pig in a poke. Although I do not maintain a strictly Kosher diet, there is only so much I can stomach. The Geological Association of Canada has argued that the problem of waste disposal must be solved before any further nuclear expansion

or construction takes place. Conclusions regarding the prospects for safe, permanent disposal must be solved before any further expansion or construction takes place. Conclusions regarding the prospects for safe, permanent disposal of radioactive wastes should not be dependent on the results of research not yet completed in this country or elsewhere.

James Schlesinger, U.S. Secretary of Energy, has referred to nuclear installations as a "comfortable neighbour". During the last month, the people of Sudbury have been told by the

Sudbury Regional Development Corporation that the nuclear business is safer than other energy projects. What they really mean is they haven't looked for deaths resulting from long term radiation. Finding which deaths have resulted from radiation is made more difficult because cancers do not show little flags saying what caused them. As Dr. Gordon Edwards of the Canadian Coalition for Nuclear Responsibility has said in regards to potential lung cancers resulting

cont'd. on page 2.

A.E.F. stalks third floor space

by Lloyd Hunt

L'entre-Deux, the francophone drop-in centre, is looking for a new home. Presently the Administration and L'Association des Etudiants Francophones are searching for a more suitable location for the centre, presently located in the cloakroom across from the Great Hall. Both Director of Services Paul Menard and A.e.f. President Marc Remillard have indicated that no solution has, thus far, been reached.

Remillard and his organization have drawn up a series of proposals in an effort to maintain a francophone centre. At a general meeting of francophone students, held November 21, it was agreed that the new location should follow the guidelines of the Roy Report. This report proposes that a third floor classroom be converted to this purpose.

There are a number of conditions attached to the acquisition of this room. The A.e.f. is seeking a written agreement with the university that accepts the Roy Report and that stipulates that they will be supplied with adequate ventilation and plumbing facilities. Provision for the consumption of alcohol in this area is also being requested.

The use of this room is to be shared by the A.e.f. and the Service d'Animation. The university recently hired Danile Asseling, of Hull, Quebec, to be in charge of the latter group.

The Francophone students are requesting that these renovations begin on December 8. A number of them have indicated that this would be an ideal time to start for two reasons. First, any classes affected by this project could be relocated before the second semester begins. Secondly, the Christmas holidays would be the most convenient time for the reconstruction, since the could resume the operation of L'Entre-Deux without need of an interim location.

Today, the classroom;

Tomorrow, the floor.

The Roy Report, filed in October of 1976, calls for sweeping changes in the make-up of the third floor of the Classroom Building. Ten rooms would be designated for a French Social and Cultural Centre. Among the offices that would be accommodated would be the A.e.f., Service d'Animation and La Grenouillere (since named L'Entre-Deux).

The stated purpose for this new operation is to provide both French and English students with the opportunity of experiencing in an environment which reflects the French culture and language.

This report was passed unanimously by the A.e.f. In a proposal forwarded to Menard, acceptance of the third floor location of L'Entre-Deux was made "following (the recommendations of) the Roy Report". This committee felt that the recommendations could easily be implemented in the 1977-78 school year.

IMPLEMENTATION OF REPORT HERALDS \$1200 TUITION FEES

TORONTO [CUP] -- Students at Ontario universities could face drastic fee increases if the Ontario government accepts the recommendations of a consulting firm hired to study the question. According to Ontario Federation of Students researcher Allan Golombek, the Ministry of Colleges and Universities will announce its acceptance of the substance of the report within the next few weeks.

Should the report be adopted, tuition fees at the University of Toronto could reach \$1157 a year for the average student, from the current average of about \$700-\$750. Similar fee increases could be imposed at other Ontario universities.

The consulting firm, P.S. Ross and Associates, is recom-

mending the "unpegging" of tuition fees, allowing universities the autonomy to set their own rates.

The rates are currently determined by the Ontario Ministry of Colleges and Universities.

In a public statement Nov. 6, U. of T. President James Ham gave practical indication of what this move might mean when he said he favoured requiring students to pay twenty per cent of the costs of education.

Requiring this level of payment would increase average fees to \$1157 per year - \$400 more than any other institution in Canada.

Using the same criteria, medical students would be faced with a tuition of \$2656 a year

(they currently pay \$900). A masters program in science would run to \$2071 (as opposed to \$840 currently), and a PhD program would mean a yearly tab of \$3100 (against \$750).

According to the OFS, an increase of this kind, combined with disqualification from student grants, would "wipe away the dream" of higher education for many.

Unpegging of tuition fee levels would also present a major crisis for smaller universities. They would be faced with a "catch-22": keep tuition levels down and fall behind other schools in capacity to recruit teachers and improve facilities, or raise fees and lose students.

Unacceptable risk

cont'd. from page 1.

from nuclear radiation "It's perfectly safe, but don't breathe too deeply." As well, there is the danger of a "mushrooming" effect. Today a nuclear refinery, tomorrow a nuclear reactor and, before we know it, the plutonium economy completes the cycle. Is this the type of secondary industry we have been demanding? About a year ago in McLean's magazine, Walter Stewart compared Sudbury to a whore in a hovel. What we have here, I fear, is simply a new customer!

The burden of proof must remain with Eldorado Nuclear. Given the dangers, it is incumbent on them to prove the project is safe rather than on the critics to prove it is unsafe. Even if the refinery and the waste disposal system could be made safe - would it? I, for one, do not have sufficient faith in



the relevant governments which continue to permit corporations to evade environmental regulations. The recent decision regarding Inco emissions is obviously a case in point.

It must not be forgotten that nuclear energy is an unforgiving technology. Once the process is set in motion and the problems begin, we cannot simply stop it. The radiation remains. We must look to the future for the sake of our children and our children's children. The proposal of Eldorado Nuclear to build a uranium refinery in this area presents an unacceptable risk to the people of the Sudbury basin.

Trans not so trivial

by Smith et Jones

This week, Trans Trivia is not quite so trivial.

It has come to the attention of the Student Council, through Lambda, that there is apparently discontent in the student body. If this is the case, it is surprising that no student came forward to the Trans Council to air his complaints but, instead, found it necessary to complain directly to Lambda.

The Student's Council represents all students in the School of Translators and Interpreters, and attempts to act in their best interest. Our role is to act as a liaison between students and faculty, which involves reporting back to students and keeping them informed of developments within the School that may affect them. The Trans Council is there to represent

Trans students, but cannot do so without student feedback.

It seems that the activity of the School of Translators has become a "hot issue" in Lambda in the last few weeks. The authors of the various articles have reported complaints which they received from some students; complaints which were not brought to Council, and which seemingly represent the views of a small minority, not the whole student body, as has been implied. [Ed.'s Query: When?]

The problem stems from the departure of one of our faculty members. Obviously Council did not approve his premature departure, but it was an administrative decision that was beyond our control. This problem, however, has been resolved. This original incident

seems to have created a snow-ball effect and the School of Translators has become "le bouc émissaire" of the media. Aside from the complaints received at the time of his departure, students, when asked, expressed no other dissatisfaction with the School.

Problems can only be solved by going through the proper channels, and although the student newspaper is a means of airing personal opinions, it cannot be used as a substitute for organized representation - i.e. Your Student Council.

May we remind you that we meet every Thursday at 3:30 p.m. in room A108 and we invite those translation students who have any complaints, suggestions or interest in what is going on in their School to attend.

U.C. Reigns S.S. Dance

Dear Editor:

This letter pertains to the "supposedly" Single Students Dance that was held on December 2 at Teacher's College. I (along with numerous others) thought that the dance could have been considered a joke because there were many single students that never got in.

Around nine o'clock, I went with several friends (we are all from Single Students Residence) to the dance, and we were refused entrance at the door. There was a lineup at the door, the majority of which being from SSR. When we looked inside, we noticed that most of the people at the dance were from University College. Now picture this: Single students waiting in line for their Christmas Dance while U.C. students are taking advantage of our party.

Now if I read the advertisement for this event, it said "Single Students Christmas Bash". Surely single students should receive priority to this event over other students. Single students should damn well have priority. I am not saying that other students cannot go, BUT I am suggesting that they could be signed in by a resident from SSR. This would regulate the amount of extra students allowed to enter the dance! After all, it is our Christmas Party, which only comes once a year.

I heard that there were eight to ten tables of U.C. at the dance! At the coming U.C. Formal, I don't really think anyone will see ten tables of single students, with U.C. students standing in line to get in.

On Saturday, when we approached the person at the door of the dance to ask why we couldn't get in when the U.C. residents did, he stated that (quote) "we have to make some money on this". What kind of crap is that!

I believe that each residence has set aside a certain amount of money for these activities throughout the year. This event was probably run with this money from the Single Students Residence. So how the hell can money be regarded as a factor in this case! If it was supposed to be a profitable undertaking, then where is the designated money going that was used

towards this party? Well, I hope that the organizers of this dance made a profit, because what they made in profit, they lost in respect. I am sure that it was a success as a dance from the organizers point of view but, in the eyes of many Single Students Residents, it was viewed as a farce. It is because of incidents like this that a lack of enthusiasm is caused in the participation of our residential activities.

I hope that these points which I have stated will be considered in the next SSR dance, as there is room for improvement.

C.C. [Phys. Ed. 1st year]

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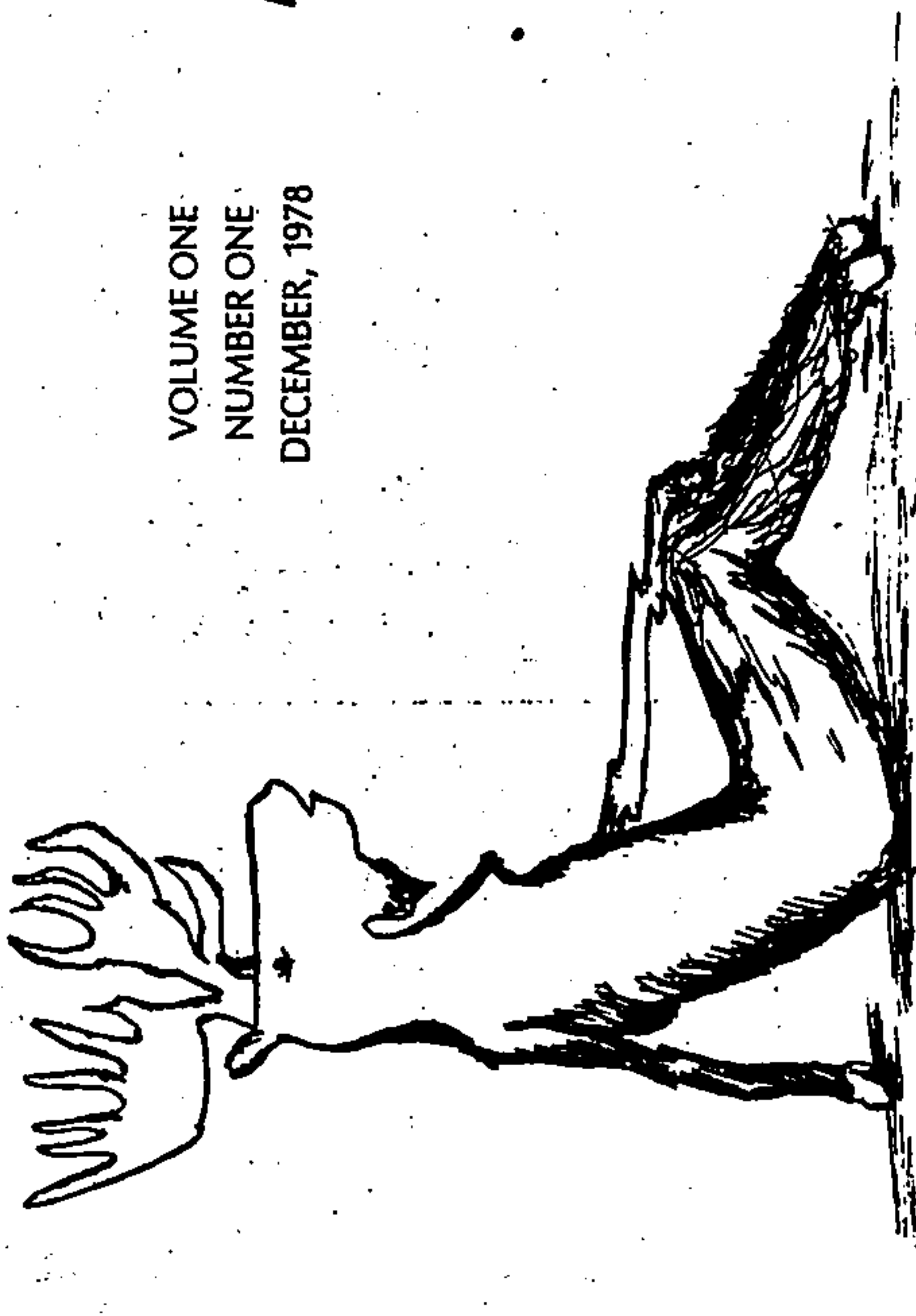
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ROGUE MOOSE REVUE

VOLUME ONE
NUMBER ONE
DECEMBER, 1978

Edited by
John D. Sturtridge



Not Ground Zero

by John Sturtridge

The tiny creature dipped from the hot, turbulent air to sanctuary. It hung there in sudden silence, uncertain, watching. It watched the eyes of the man below who watched in turn the wings of the butterfly. The wings were haloed in reflected red from the undersides of the clouds. The clouds, swirling, shifting, reflected the colour imperfectly, but the effect was entrancing.

"Atrium," said the butterfly. It dipped further from the roof of the house. "You are not Flavius."

"Insects do not talk," stated the man. He looked to the corner to his right, at the figure propped up there. "Isn't that right?"

"There was no answer. 'This is not Rome,' said the butterfly, its fragile wings red-rimmed, flicking to some distant cadence. 'Rome is dead. Unless you are Rome?'"

"I am not dead." "You are not Rome. Not Flavius." "I am also not dead." The man paused. "And insects can't talk."

"Atrium," persisted the butterfly. "You lie on a couch." "It's a lawn chair." "Not Flavius."

"I don't know who I am," said the man, looking away, looking into the small pool that was nearby. Its pale, blue paint was scarred by the

reflected red from above.

There was a long silence. "I can tell stories," said the butterfly, sinking lower into the cool air of the atrium. The man looked up. The halo was gone.

"Can you tell a story about me?" "Yes. I told Flavius his." In the

cont'd. on page 6

by John Sturtridge

The Rogue Moose Revue is born and I love it!

These days, an idea translated into fact is all to rare. Behind this idea there were a few enthusiastic, encouraging people. Thanks people. For the rest, though, the reaction was predictable. One or two thought it couldn't be done. Several said "Good luck!" and waited, not with any real curiosity, for the outcome. Some were simply amused. Somehow, of course, publication was realized and that leads to a few words of comment.

In this business, an ego, it seems, is a necessity. It was with some trepidation that I took this step, but when I finally decided too, I never really thought I'd fail. All of which goes to show only that I've got an ego.

The Rogue Moose Revue is dedicated to a mix of prose, poetry, reviews and art. We're a little shy on reviews this time around, but then

nobody's perfect. Decent poetry is difficult to write and I think we have some good stuff here. As to the art, it is most difficult to produce creative, well executed work within a medium that so severely restricts the artist. The prose is a different matter.

If you notice my name appearing somewhat frequently in the prose sections, that is of necessity, not design. Either people on this campus don't write prose material, or they refuse to admit to it. The ideal situation for me, as editor, would be to have so much material that I had to refuse some. When I don't, then that's the way the student snores.

Issue two of the Rogue Moose Revue will appear in January, so you've got the holidays to produce some blockbuster stuff. I can't guarantee fame, and certainly not fortune, but I can say with some authority that it feels good to see your name in print. That, folks, is the bottom line. The Rogue Moose Revue is a magazine for you.



John Sturtridge; James Weaver; Melba Saarivirta; Tracy Shultis; Nick Antonic; Heather Brier; Erika Burck; Sherry Filipic; and Father John Kahlua for his spiritual guidance.

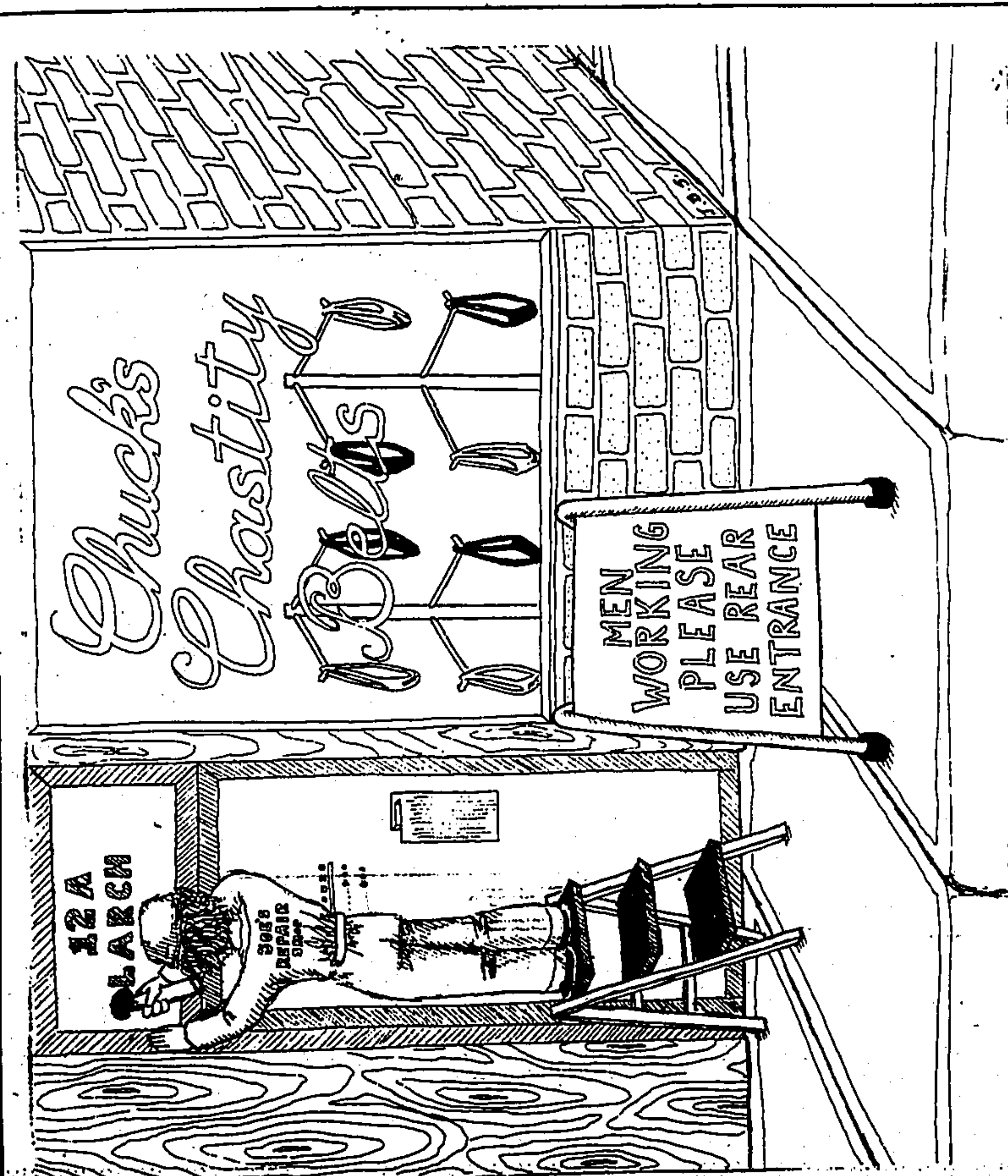
The Rogue Moose Revue is published in association with Lambda Publications.

Special thanks to the following: Anton C.; Chuck; Anon; Anon the Chimp; Santa Claus and the H.B.; the Hand; the Sphinx; the two cats we rescued from the caf.; the Tran Council for dropping in on production day; and T. M. who owes me one [1] french fry. The Rogue Moose Revue appears once a month. Contributions will be accepted in A332 or at the Lambda office on Student Street.

CONFUSED?

If the paper seems to be sideways, that's because it is. By following the directions below, you will end up with an eight page magazine called the Rogue Moose Revue.

- 1) Remove the entire centre section.
- 2) Fold the entire section along the existing crease.
- 3) Orient the paper so that the cartoon and moose antlers point up.
- 4) With some instrument (for example, a ruler) cut the centre section along the crease above the cartoon and antlers.
- 5) If you haven't got a properly-cut magazine, consult an engineer. (See page 4)
- 6) Read and enjoy.



THE PAPER RUSSIAN



by Vladimir Tolstoy and John Kahlua

Preface: Vladimir Tolstoy is an attache at the Russian embassy in Ottawa and happens to be a distant cousin of mine. With official party consent, he is about to publish The Paper Russian in North America. As a favour to Vlad, I helped edit the Canadian edition. In return, he permitted the printing of the following insert, chapter five of his book, even though I am, as he says, a "running revisionist dog". J.K.

In the summer of 1974 when, as always, my homeland blazed with life, I took a job at the Tank factory in V-----. I hated the job. I am a peaceful man. But the running dog Imperialist war-mongers of your West are forever building more guns, more missiles, more spy satellites. We of the U.S.S.R. must defend ourselves from the Capitalist threat, and so I

built tanks.

At the factory in V-----, 400 citizens worked hard to produce our tanks, but we all hated it. One man, Leon S-----, hated it more than the rest and so one day he called a meeting for all the party members in the factory. When the four of us were gathered together, Leon put forth his plan. "Let us build paper tanks," he said. "Because our schools are devoted to peace and beauty, we have all been taught the glorious art of folding paper. With this skill, we can deceive the filthy Capitalist pigs. Also, we will not have to make the cursed machines of war and defile our hands of peace."

We were so overcome by Leon's beautiful words that we cried for joy. For, indeed, we all knew the art of folding papers. It is called Origami and was invented in Kamchatka by a great Russian artist. To celebrate the health of Leon. From that day forward we made paper tanks. It was hard work folding pig-dog machines of death, but the non-repressive, anti-militarist and democratic truth and beauty of our mission shone before us. All that beautiful summer we folded tanks and toasted the health of Leon. This true story of peace and love will shine as a guiding light for the repressed proletariat which is enslaved by the Imperialist dogs of war. Arise! Throw down your vile shackles! Stop folding little papers for the consumption of evil drugs -- a Capitalist plot to keep the worker in chains! Start folding paper to produce paper tanks, paper missiles, and paper spy satellites. Brothers unite!

\$50,000 PRIZE TURKEY

by K.J. Michasiw
from the Varsity

Judith, by Aritha van Herk.
McClelland & Stewart, 190 pp. \$10.00

One of the advantages of living in the colonies is that you don't have to keep in step with the times. This is a major advantage in writing a novel for the mass market. The good ladies at Beckers and the gentlemen idling in the train station have little interest in books that make them work. Books tell a story. They have a beginning, a middle and an end. They're kind of like *Northern Life* except that they're longer and the print doesn't blacken your fingers.

Not that a bit of technical legerdemain is out of the question. Van Herk, author of the \$50,000 Judith constructs her fiction in three time periods: her heroine's childhood, her period of rebellion in the Big City, and her present on the pig farm. The three come and go as the author pleases, phasing in and out of Judith's consciousness. The distinctions, however, remain clear. The reader, if watching the catchwords, is never disoriented. The childhood scenes are betokened by the words "Judy" and "Daddy"; the city sequence is featured by "Judith" and "fingernails", usually crimson and sinful; the present has "pigs" and "blue-jeans". Tidy!

Next ingredient is being born in the sticks. If you have the misfortune to have been born and raised in Toronto, invent a past involving rural landscapes and life with the earth at your feet. Canadians are a natural people. They remember their roots. Their feet are made of loam and steel-toed workboots. Van Herk treats city life with total disdain, as well she should. We learn that when women enter the city, they learn to paint themselves and to dissemble; that their fingernails become blood-stained talons; that their hands get white and soft where they are not razor-shredded by papercuts; that they suffer such hideous fates as being presented with MCs for their birthdays (a sullied gift from the

lecherous but overmastering and handsome man for whom all women seem to work); and they grow cigarette-mucoused, and gradually pear-shaped.

Only the pig farm and a return to the ghostly image of Daddy will save poor Judith. Daddy was the best goldurned pig farmer 'ween here and Noborg, but he had to give up the farm cause his daughter abandoned him for the soft luxuriance of City Living. And then the poor, noble, old, bent and broken codger went and died, while wasting away in some bungalow retirement home. Judith has to make amends, which means leaving the strong, brown but manicured hands of her boss-lover to buy up some dank back forty and start raising up a brood of pigs.

Animals are also important. As Canadians are so natural, they have an automatic rapport with beasts. We all know what Marian Engel did for her career by making it with a bear. Now van Herk has taught us the joys of pork. Her pigs are all female, all musky, and all pregnant. One by one, they give birth to squealing piglets and are named ... Marie-Antoinette, Josephine, Circe, Liith ... It is all very significant.

(Cynical parenthesis. I was once told by a power-that-was at Harlequin Books that their best-selling items were those which featured animals. One lady from New Zealand had made them and herself a fortune by writing an endless series of identical romances featuring sheep farms. This is a fact not unknown in the publishing industry.)

Modica of sex and violence are essential, but neither has to be overt. Van Herk's encounters between the genders are replete with ice-flecked eyes, cold, steely glances, overmastering hands, and heroines who crumple and bend. Judith is still searching for the man who is physically powerful, intellectually absent, and just like Daddy.

Violence comes in two varieties. The first is the heroine's against her oppressors. Judith manages to fight off a gang of insulting barflies all by herself, in a sequence that calls to

mind any number of children's books. The second variety is more subtle and scientific: it is a controlled violence, pitting the will against conventions and queasiness. It is the rite of passage, the gaffing of the pike, the slaying of the bull and, in this case, the castration of the 'weanlings, which, of course, Judith manages while her man-to-be heads off to retch somewhere in the distance.

Which brings us to the final qualification for writing a \$50,000 novel. One has to be female. Like being Canadian, being female allows the writer to forget about technique, and about the twentieth century (not that men are above writing third rate bildungsroms). Women still have those nineteenth century novels to write. They have to form a consciousness. This is a good thing in many ways. Women can write novels in which content is the most important element, as serious male writers cannot. It can, however, lead to simplifications and schemat which make one wince: Judith has to get back to Daddy, and she must discover a true man, the one man who may ignite her latent womanliness. She must make her first woman friend (her mother-in-law-to-be) and she must reunite herself with the universal female principle, as embodied by the pregnant pigs.

And, brave young woman, she does it all. She finally beds her jim (at her volition, he is totally in awe) and can watch the boar she has purchased mount one of her significantly named sows and laugh with her woman friend about the limited usefulness of men. Out of the kitchen and into the locker room.

I'm not sure if any of this is a help to aspiring writers of fiction. I suspect that no amount of cynicism and accuracy could match a book like van Herk's. One had hoped that she'd been charming but the very clumsiness of the prose at the moments of high meaning gives the game away. ‡

WASTE

Tracy Shultis

You told me how you remembered
the smell of sun and sand
after you went swimming in a lake
years ago. And I cried because I couldn't,
though it was only yesterday.
Small hands, still untouched,
eagerly grasping for the scraps of life with
your reminiscence of crisp fall leaves
and the sweetness of candy floss,
savouring each small bit.

And you smiled and laughed,
joking as though I were the one
who needed assurance.
But when you said, from your starched
white bed, that there was beauty in
life, even inside your
small bitter world,
I prayed to a forgotten God
to give you my life.
For I had killed it.

INDULGENCE

Tracy Shultis

Dimpled thighs, In wishes
Craving the sensuality Of long-legged beauty
Of cream pies And slim-hipped
But cursing Sophistication.
The burden of weight, Apple pie dreams
Envision a feast And carrot stick nightmares.
That is a fantasy The dilemma of choice,
Yet which touches Of long term
The senses. Starvation
Comfort in pastries Or short term
For hope lost, Indulgence.

HELL TO A SINNER

Tracy Shultis

I, who have flouted the laws, be they written or not,
And called God an error of the mind's common sense,
Thought this to be a flaming ungory
Embellished with suffering;
But have found a most common place, familiar it seems,
Conducive to growth in my crippled path.
Who but a saint could want for the skies?
Hell for the common man; it is reality stripped
Of Euphemism. No more a punishment than life
Without passion.

The hungry for comfort come not here, for tempestuous
Emotion the singular reward,
Fulfilling,
Satisfaction.

DESERT

Sherry Filipic

Beating mercilessly on the barren lands the sun fired
brightly, as though glad to be so brutal.
Each ray penetrated the calm, still air and gave
no pity to the burning sands. The piercing
golden sting seemed fierce enough to set the
dust on fire. Turbulent heat waves quivered
across the flats and all that once lived was dead.

FOR A TREE

Heather Brier

There you are,
standing majestically,
blowing in the wind;
a part of nature
and one with it
A home-
shelter,
food.
I wish
I were
Like you.

7/10/78

Heather Brier

Love, with you,
is confusion,
You who has been hurt,
who lives in fear.

Lies, from you,
strike deeply;

For in love, it's truth
wounds our guarded souls.

Splinters strewn like abandoned toys.

I, not a quitter,
I met you.

I, who quit,
torn by love.

Time is change
healing wounds.
Trade times with me.
Avoid my pain.

WHEN I FLY

Heather Brier

Sailing eternity on the wings of time,
I can reach the stars with just a touch.
The moon's a neighbour of mine.

When I fly.

I can see, in endless streamers black,
Deep shadowed figures, far from me-
But please, don't try to bring me back

When I fly.

I feel my friends ringed about me;
They look but do not touch,
For I can find the Best of times

When I fly.

Around, in circles within circles,
I touch flowers of yellow and blue.
So, you see, I reach peace within myself
When I fly.

cont'd. from page 1

god."
"I am not dead," said the man
irritably. "Tell me my story."

The butterfly spoke, "On the sixth
day a man - John - lay on his couch in
his livingroom."

"Is that my name? John?"

"John lay on the couch. His
stomach rolled, twisted; felt like
nothing; hurt terribly. His head was a
mass of numbness and numbing
pain. He was covered by a wool
blanket and still was cold. Except his
feet. His feet sweated. Across the
room a television was on, and
wrestling. In a cage, away from the
television, by the curtained wall of
windows, a pale, orange canary
chirped. Its name was Mars. It
flitted from perch to perch to perch.
John thought it neurotic since it
never sang, just chirped; and it was
orange instead of yellow. John felt
like a photograph, frozen in time,
one more day after the night before.
He wouldn't have been sick but he
couldn't anymore.

"John looked at the television.
The singles match was over. A
tag-team match was choreographed,
with the referee holding back one,
two others jelling a fourth with
marshmallow blows. John closed his
eyes.

"The world torched. A glare
burned through the curtains, driving
the canary frantic, searing through
John's eyelids in starbursts of pain.
He tried to move but his stomach
convulsed. He froze. The light
dimmed.

"John opened his eyes and saw the
television. On the screen - still alive
though a lamp which had been on, to
the left of the set, was dark - a
bearded mountain of flesh swung
down hard, with a chair. The referee
fell at once.

"John blinked, astonished even.
Through his pain, wondering at the
new choreography. Hard, he thought,
on the -

"The world dropped several feet,
slammed upwards, rolled violently
sideways. Smashed to the floor, John
cried out. His head crashed. The
blanket knotted around his legs.
Somewhere the sound of shattering
glass, the cymbalic crash of fallen
crystal. The bird cage toppled. John

blackened out.

"When first he awoke, he tried to
rise to his knees. Caught in the
blanket, he tripped and fell. Groan-
ing, head spinning, he untangled
himself and started crawling. He
noticed the bird cage, saw in its
wreck the still form of Mars. Looking
away, the television caught his eye.
On the screen, still bright, he saw the
figures of fatmen - wrestlers, and
people from the audience, all in the
ring and screaming and punching
and biting. The ropes were stretched
out as more and more people
climbed in, fury or fear or hate in
their eyes; and blood spilled from the
edges of the mat where the fallen
were trampled. John's stomach hea-
ved black bile. Terrified, he managed
his feet and staggered from the room.

"John's memory dimmed. Time
passed. Like a liquid fire it flowed, all
consuming, over his mind and soul
until at last its fuel was all but
spent.

"A semblance of being returned
and he looked about. He sat in a lawn
chair on the marble walk of glass
enclosure with no roof. Through the
glass he could see the forms of -
music! - a piano. A song tinkled in
the distance, only a moment, and
was gone. He saw a table and chairs
- family! - sounds of conversation
slithered at the edge of his mind, and
were gone. Inside the enclosure were
small shrubs, and a small pool with
blue paint and a brass fountain. He
slept.

"John! a voice cried. 'John! It's
Rodger! Wake up!'

"John straightened. In the corner,
leaning on the glass, was a man
clutching at his stomach where a
burgandy stain crept through his
fingers. 'Rodger?' The man, Rodger,
slumped suddenly. One leg was
caught beneath his body. The other
slithered outward across the marble.

"Rodger, something's happened -
the repairman. He's dead. I saw him.
I was looking for my dad's pistol, the
22. I found it in the basement and I
heard him then. The oil repairman.
He was in the crawlspace. I could
hear him there - hear his arm. I went
in to see and he was buried under a
pile of rock. Except his arm. It was
pulling at the rocks, pulling and
scrabbling at the rocks. Like Ahab's

tortured arm calling me. I shot him.
"I shot his arm. The bullet hit it. I
hit it. It went right through and there
was a hole. I could see the hole
because there wasn't any blood.
Then the skin covered up the hole,
like - like silly putty.

"I shot him again and it
happened again. The hole with no
blood. I didn't stay to see the hole
close up. I left him there, down there,
still there.

"You can hear him down there,
still there. Can you hear him? His arm
is scraping back and forth and back
and forth. Hal Hal Hal Scrape!
Scrape! Scrape! Can you hear him?
He's dead, you know. Hal Hal Hal
Dead! Dead! Dead!

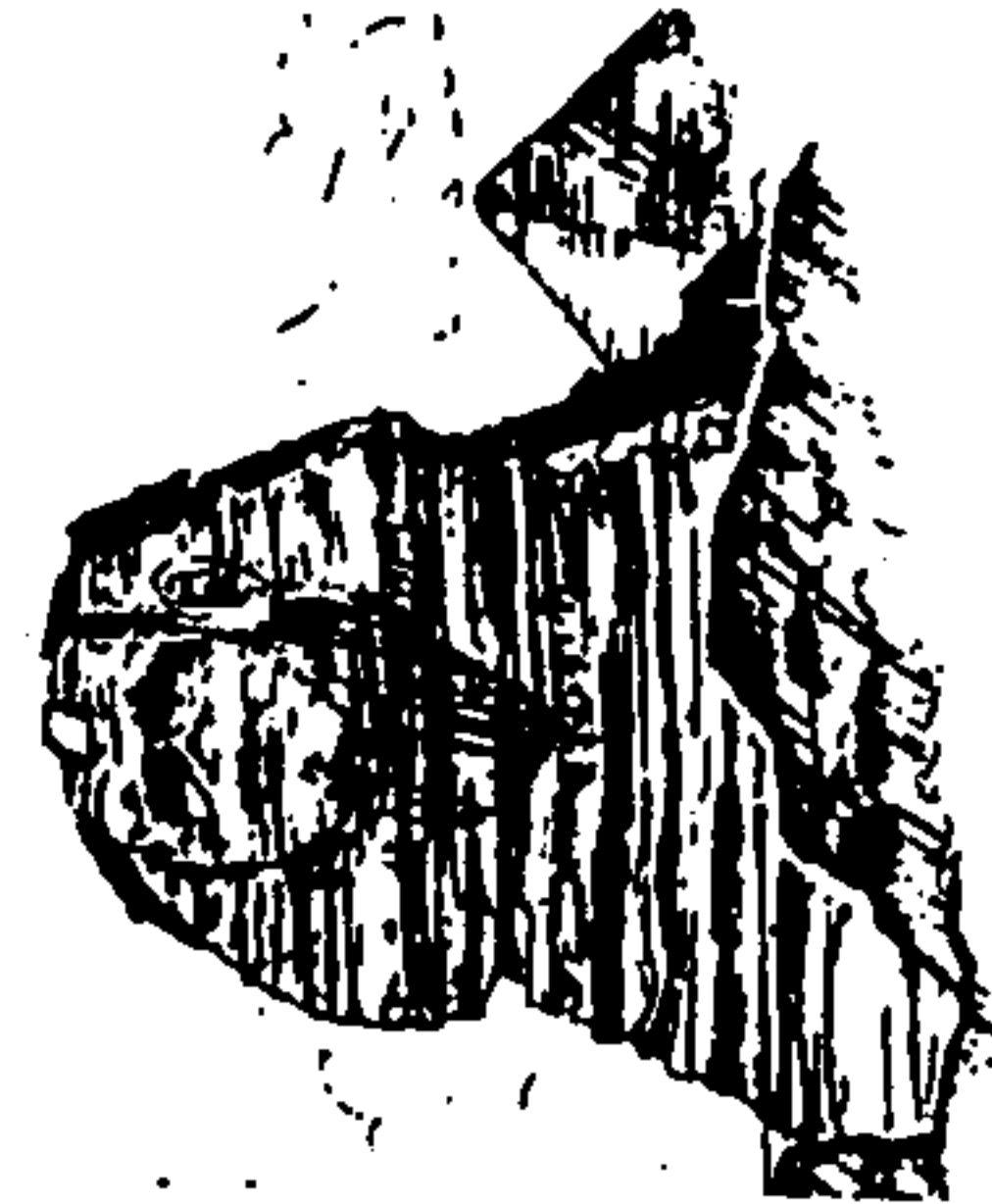
"The vision passed abruptly and
John slumped in the lawn chair.
Rodger was still propped in the
corner. His arms now hung straight
down, touching the marble. His left
hand twitched irregularly. His mouth
was open, a string of saliva caught
between one chipped tooth and his
lower lip. From the corners of his
mouth pale, red liquid, streaked with
milky white, dribbled onto his chin.
"After a time, the flickering red of
the clouds worked into John's mind
and he awoke."

The butterfly raised and lowered
its wings.

There was a long silence.

"So my name is John," the man
said from the lawn chair. "It was a
nice story. For an insect."

The butterfly fluttered upwards
suddenly. "Flavius is dead," It
haloed, a brilliant red, swept over the
rooftop and disappeared in the
swirling winds.



THE NEW PHILOSOPHERS

by Nick Antonic

A number of young French intellectuals, most of them participants of the massive student uprising in May, 1968, have developed a political and philosophical synthesis which has instigated a major debate within European academic and ideological circles. Known as the "New Philosophers", they have become overnight media celebrities, especially within France, and have attracted the attention of thinkers of all political persuasions.

The eight or nine "New Philosophers", ranging in age from 28 to 40, have produced 14 books, two of which have made the best seller lists in France. They share, central to their philosophy, an attitude that has engendered a furious reaction from the "elite" of French marxist intellectuals. Simply put, they maintain that Marxism is an evil, obsolete ideology that, initially, leads to totalitarianism and the abuses of the Gulag. Further, they maintain that Marxism is finished as a viable, philosophical construct and that it has become dangerous in the modern era. They argue all of the elaborate, 19th century systems are finished, and have little relevance for the present day.

As a group, the New Philosophers tend to reject systems, structures, hierarchical authority, and the notion that progress can be achieved by applying an elaborate formula for improvement to the world. These old, ideological superstructures are not plausible for the modern world because politics today are not concerned with a sweeping vision of utopia, but with specific, concrete issues. The fact that Marxism is outdated is beside the point; the nature of the "certainty" that is inherent in the doctrine is the danger perceived by these individuals. To them, the communist state has grown "a monstrous, reactionary machine" which is in direct contradiction to its avowed purpose (the "withering away of the state").

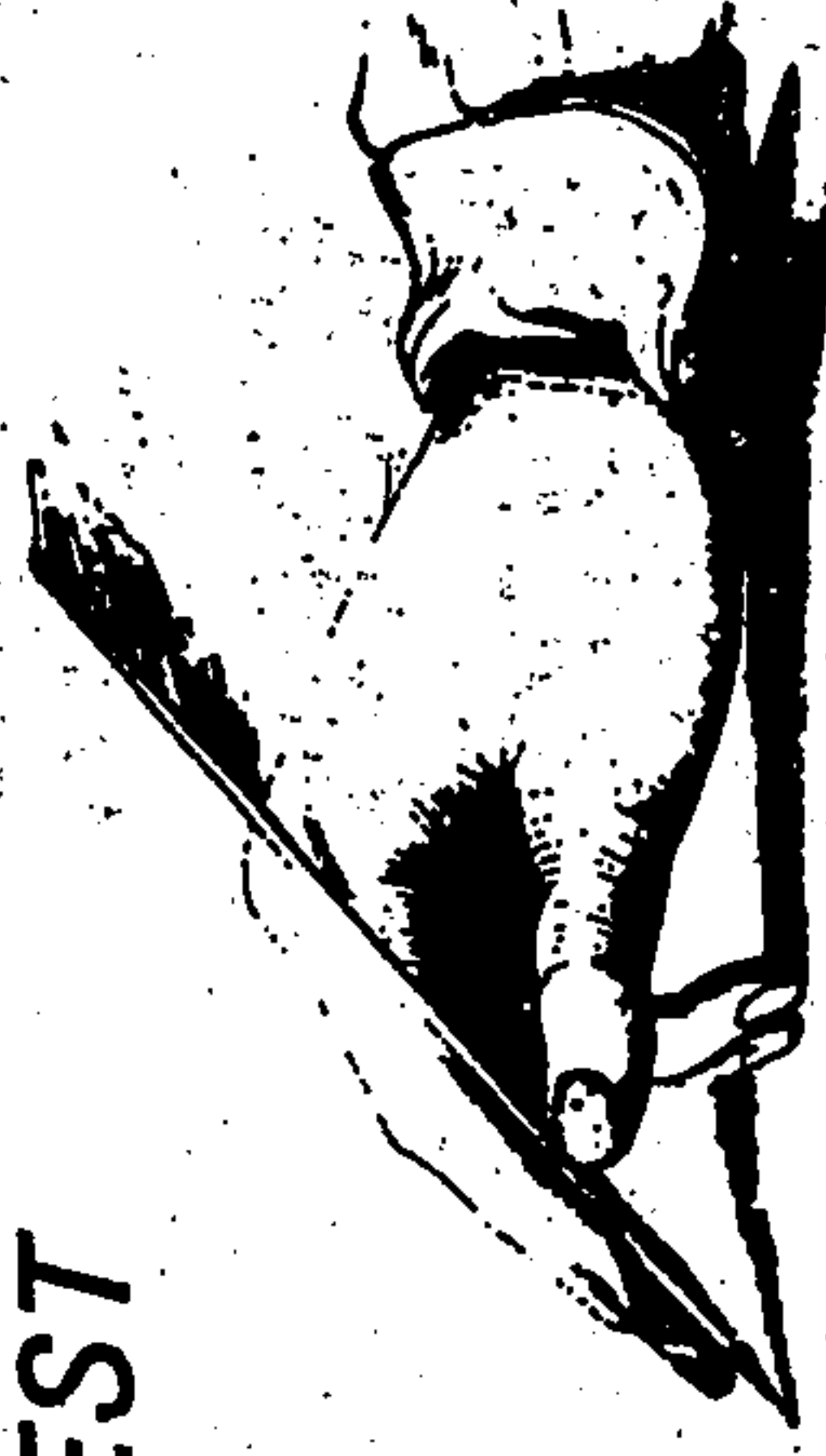
The movement's stars are few, but immensely persuasive and influential. Launched and named by Ber-

nard-Henri Levy, a 28 year old editor who wrote one of the key books, *Barbarism with a Human Face*, the group includes Andre Glucksmann, author of *The Master Thinkers*; Jean-Marie Benoist, author of *Marx is Dead*; Maurice Clavel, a journalist; Guy Landreau, who wrote *The Angel* along with Christian Jambert; and Philippe Nemo, who produced *The Structural Man*.

Although accused of nihilism, these individuals have a much more pragmatic approach than is first evident. Convinced that the obsession with making things better is total illusion, and that this illusion leads to totalitarianism, their argument, though pessimistic, leads them to a more reasonable solution. They maintain that persistent, detailed and practical effort is required to "patch things up" and keep them from getting worse" without sacrificing the rights of the individual.

Convinced that the traditional "systems", especially Marxism, lead to the subjugation of humanity in the name of progress, that violence and revolution; main tenets of Marxist doctrine, lead inevitably to terror and authoritarian rule, the New Philosophers offer a less dogmatic solution while fostering a more humane approach to the radical restructuring of society.

PLAYWRITING CONTEST HELD



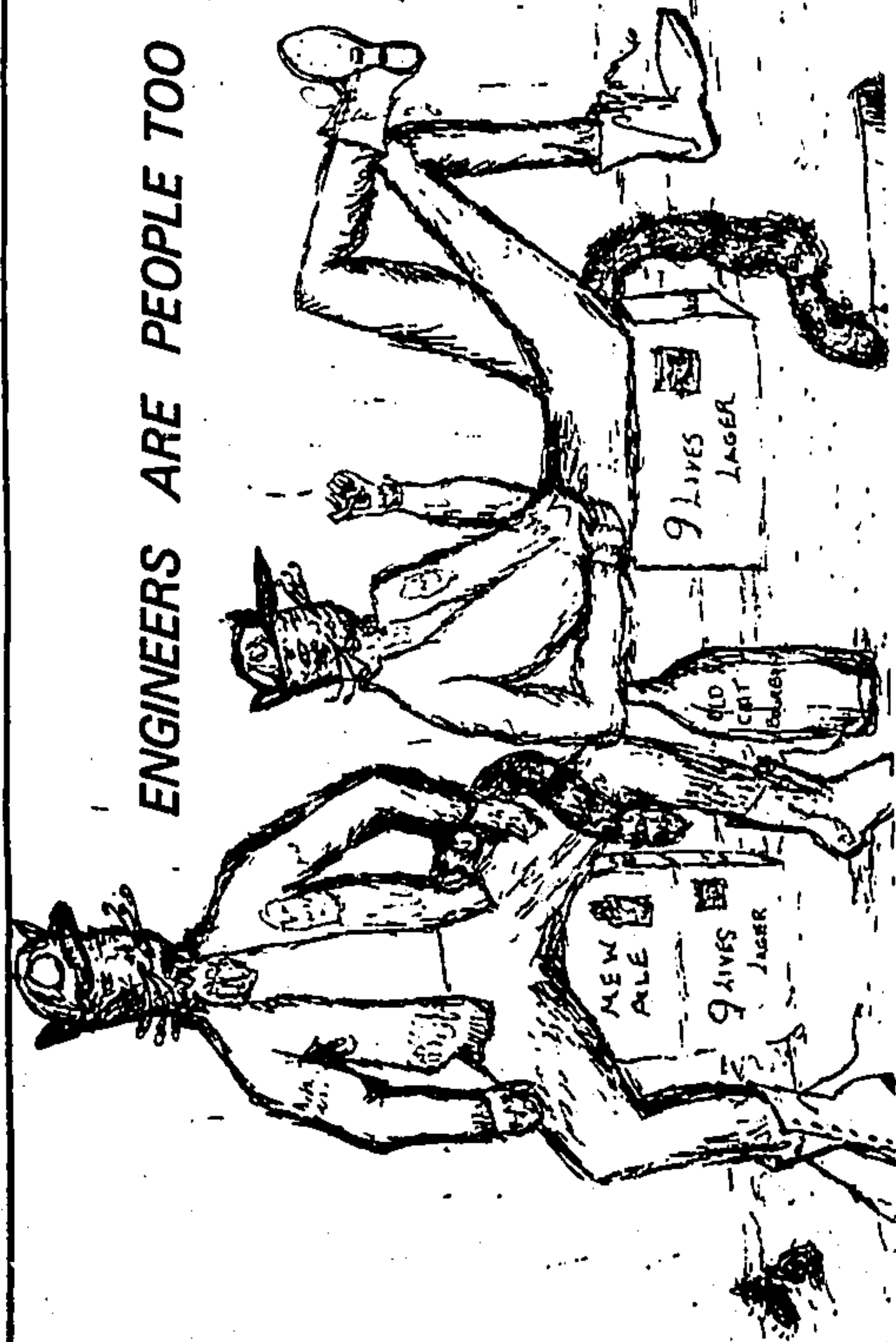
TORONTO - Theatre Ontario announced the commencement of the most exciting playwrighting competition ever held in Canada. The two year Ontario Playwrights' Showcase leads to a \$5000 prize for any resident of Ontario in each of six regions of the Province, and all winning plays will be produced under professional auspices in their regions. The climax of the competition will be held on November, 1980, when a gala Festival Week at Hart House Theatre Toronto will feature presentation of each winning effort and a wide range of related events.

Celebrated Canadian theatre experts will choose finalists from entries received by the deadline for submissions: September 1, 1979. A second group of theatre notables will pick six winners. Professional directors, designers and actors will work with local Theatre Ontario members and any others who wish to contribute - to mount each production in the winner's home region. Over several months, they will develop the script and arrive at a professional level on opening night. All winning plays will be re-mounted at Hart House during Festival Week.

The Ontario Playwright's Showcase is open to any resident of Ontario. Scripts must be previously unpublished and unproduced. Submissions are anonymous and must be full-length plays of any genre. Adaptations of original Canadian material is permitted with agreement by the original author.

For further information, contact Theatre Ontario, 8 York Street, 7th Floor, Toronto, Ontario, M5J 1R2, (416) 366-2938.

ENGINEERS ARE PEOPLE TOO



Recognize these cute, little fellers? They're engineers. Engineers are easily recognizable and there are several ways to identify them. A large number of engineers suffer from severe 'club-foot', a disease which mutates the shape of their feet from human form to something which bears an uncanny resemblance to Kodiak work boots. As well, a large number of them suffer the embarrassment of having baseball caps permanently fixed to their craniums with Krazy Glue. (Engineers are well known for their practical jokes.) Engineers tend towards excessive pride, but this usually manifests itself in the purchase of grossly overpriced leather coats (which often appear on their girlfriends, and to much greater advantage) and giant-size calculators which double as whiskey flasks. Contrary to popular opinion - theirs - engineers are not the world's greatest drinkers. This laurel falls on the shoulders of doctors and world famous authors. Engineers may or may not have furry tails. This is a closely guarded secret. Despite their many peculiarities, however, we should set aside prejudices and remember this: engineers are people, too!

Christmas Greetings

'Twas Christmas eve at Laurentian.
Everybody's mood was black.
It ought to have been joyful,
but everywhere work was slack.
In strode our lordly president
gazing round the gloomy halls.
He wished them a merry Christmas,
but the faculty shouted "Balls".
This roused our mighty president and
he swore by all the gods
"You'll all be declared redundant,
you disgusting bunch of sods."
Then up stood an elder lecturer
and said as bold as brass
"You can take this university
and shove it up your ass!"

YMOUS, ANON



Athletes in Action squad amazes Invitational

by Doug Rose

Laurentian University's 6th Annual Voyageur Invitational Basketball Tournament drew to a fitting climax on Saturday night and, when the final buzzer sounded, the Athletes in Action of Canada has proven why they're the second best team in the nation. Reputed to be only a small step down from Canada's National Team, the Athletes in Action put on a show that few will soon forget, as the walloped the defending champion Laurentian Voyageurs by a 123-68 score.

On the high school side of the tournament, it was the Lockerby Vikings of Sudbury upending Soo Collegiate of Sault Ste. Marie 57-43 to take the Invitational High School crown.

In university consolation competition, the number two ranked college team in the country, the Fanshawe College Falcons, held off a strong, fourth quarter charge by the Brock University Badgers to win 76-67 and take the title.

In the high school consolation final, the Sudbury Secondary School North Stars squeaked out a 58-54 overtime victory over the Widdifield High School Wildcats of North Bay.

Saturday night's performance capped off a super weekend for the Athletes in Action as, earlier in the tournament, they had annihilated Brock 112-58 to advance to the final against the Vees. Highlighting the Athletes in Action are several, former All-Americans from U.S. colleges, including the eventual tournament MVP, 6'4" guard Harry Sheehy, Dan Bell of North West Louisiana State and Dan Frost out of the University of Iowa. To watch the AIA perform is, as the cliché goes, seeing "poetry in motion". Their shooting range seemed to start anywhere inside half-court; their rebounding had this reporter checking for the springs in their shoes; their passing was phenomenal; and they ran the fast break to perfection. In short, as one Voyageur put it after the final, "They play the game the way it should be played".

In the final, the Vees opened strongly, as they seemed to be mentally ready for the contest, and took an early lead. However, the large, enthusiastic crowd seemed to know, after seeing AIA warm up, that it was a ultimately a matter of the AIA scoring whenever they wanted to. The Voyageurs lead vanished rapidly, and the AIA

took an insurmountable 59-27 lead into the dressing room at half-time.

For the Vees, co-captain Mark Bennet played another superb game, scoring 21 points and earning himself a spot on the tournament all-star team. For the AIA, Sheehy had 18 points, while Bell and Frost scored 17 apiece; Rod Costa notched 16 points. Dan Bell, pitching in bombs from the outside, and Dan Frost, muscling for rebounds and points underneath, were also named to the all-star team, along with 6'5" Brock centre, Terry Rig, who averaged 22 points a game, and 6'6" Fanshawe centre Ron Bailey, averaging 16 points a game.

Despite losing by such a wide margin, the Vees cannot be disheartened by their play, as they came up with a solid, consistent effort both offensively and defensively. In the opening game, however, things were quite different as the Vees were hard-pressed to defeat Fanshawe 61-47. Both teams looked sluggish and it took co-captains Mark Bennet and Mike Mulvihill, who combined for 39 points, to secure the L.U. victory.

The Vee's performance improved dramatically, however, in the AIA game and the Athletes in Action, who let up by fifty per cent in the second half against Brock, were forced to play the whole game against

Laurentian to hold the same margin of victory.

At half-time in both their games, the Athletes in Action had two team members speak to the crowd, spreading their Christian word. Despite a timely fainting spell by Laurentian's mascot Voyageur, the crowd remained attentive and interested as the young athletes spoke.

The high school tournament all-stars were Ross Hurd of Widdifield, John Lappa of Sudbury Secondary, Steve Mosson of Soo Collegiate and Bob Tassone and Eddy Picco of Lockerby. The most valuable player of the high school Invitational was junior national team member Ilario Pasquale of Lockerby.

LAURENTIAN REVIEW: A PART OF ACADEMIC DIVERSITY

by Nick Antonic

In keeping with its efforts to create a multi-faceted, academic community here at Laurentian, the university publishes a journal entitled the *Laurentian Review*. Devoted primarily, but not exclusively, to literature, philosophy, history and the social sciences, the *Review* is edited by Prof. J. Ford of the Philosophy Department and is published twice each year.

Initially founded as an "in-house" journal, the *Review* has expanded the scope of its orientation and now includes articles prepared by academics outside Laurentian and deals with topics not specifically associated with areas of Laurentian concentration. As well, the *Review* has evolved from its initial format, dealing with a number of unrelated topics in each issue, to its present day

"Thematic" approach.

While contributions are solicited from outside sources, the selected topics, or themes, are generated by Laurentian's faculty. A joint English-French editorial board considers the various suggestions and sets the general editorial direction for each issue. Generally, the *Review* reflects an equal French-English language policy and balances the number of articles written in each language. Prof. Ford retains general editorial control of the over-all product, but the specific thematic issues are established by various faculty members who are experts in the fields considered. A multi-disciplinary approach is maintained, as well, and the *Review* attempts to present as broad a spectrum as possible of each topic.

Some of the past issues that

reflect this thematic, multi-disciplinary approach include "Aspects of Urbanization in the Sudbury Area" (1971); "Poetry Since 1950" (1978); "The Social and Political Novel in English Canada" (1976); and "Russian Historiography" (1977). Contributors have included some rather famous academics from throughout Canada including, for example, Donald G. Creighton.

The *Review* is financed by a combination of Canada Council grants and direct university funding. Prof. Ford noted that financing is difficult at the best of times and that, during this period of economic stress, the journal's financial situation is especially tenuous. In spite of these difficulties, the *Review* has ambitious plans for the future, including an edition in 1980-81 to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Ontario Northland Railway that promises to be informative and interesting.

This year's issues will deal with the topics of "Law and Justice" (the fall issue due, hopefully, before Christmas) edited by F.X. Ribordy of the Sociology department and "The History of Northern Ontario" (due in the spring) edited by Angus Gilbert of the History department. The "Law and Justice" issue will include articles prepared by members of the philosophy and sociology departments, and will reflect a multi-disciplinary approach to consider the issues of law, punishment, criminology and jurisprudence.

In spite of its financing problems, Prof. Ford is confident that the *Review* will continue to be an important part of Laurentian's academic life. As part of the *Review's* mandate, Ford noted that he would like to see greater input from the sciences, especially articles dealing with more interdisciplinary topics. Whatever the subject, the *Review* contributes a great deal to Laurentian's academic life.

V-ball on decline

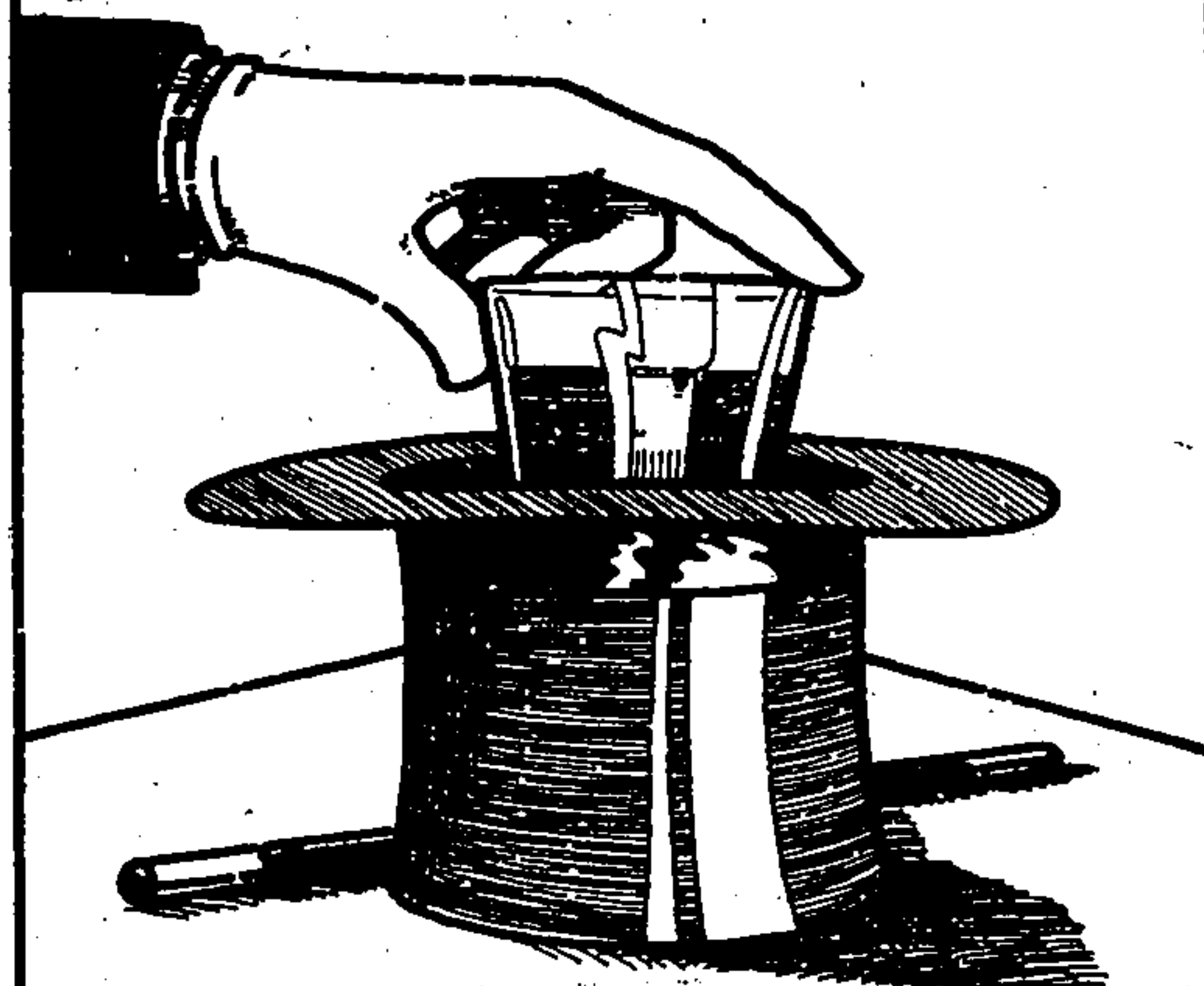
by Doug Rose

Kit Lefroy's hopes of a national championship this year for his men's varsity volleyball team are fading quickly. The Vees travelled to Kingston this past weekend to do battle with the first place Queen's Golden Gaels, and came home empty-handed.

The Vees lost the match three games to none by scores of 15-7, 15-6 and 15-10.

Laurentian's hopes of making the OUAA playoffs are now in jeopardy, unless the Vees put together a solid string of victories now and following the Christmas break.

A trick shot



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WILEY'S FEMUR

"It was beginning to look a lot like Christmas" at Wiley's on Sunday, what with egg-nog and home-made Christmas cake and candy canes ... in addition to the usual assortment of coffees and teas, cider and hot chocolate (Yes, Clara, without whipped cream ...).

Backed by the angelic voices of customers and staff - notably an impromptu men's choir - Sunday's musicians led us into temptation (whoops, sorry - that was the egg-nog) - I mean, led us in a traditional assortment of Christmas carols. Especially number 16.

Many, many thanks to: Carl Krause on bass, Brian Inkster on electric piano, Paul Baskcomb on guitar, Marilyn Thayer who sang and played tambourine, and Sharon Somers, who sang. Also to G.T., whose name I am not allowed to mention, but who managed, co-ordinated, and played a borrowed guitar simultaneously. And, of course, to all of you!

Wiley's will welcome you back on January 7 with Yvon and Elizabeth Plante - and we hope, a new paint job. So, until then, a very Merry Christmas (and a great New Year) to all of you from all of us: Dennis, Nancy, Julie, Karen, Terry and Wiley - see you next year!

WILEY

SUPPORT THE VEEES THIS WEEKEND

O.U.A.A. Hockey.
LAURENTIAN vs TORONTO
Fri., Dec. 8, 8:00 p.m. at the Walden Community Centre, Lively.

Sat., Dec. 9, 2:00 p.m. at the Bell Grove Arena.

O.U.A.A. Basketball
LAURENTIAN vs TORONTO
Sat., Dec. 9, 7:00 p.m. at the Ben Avery Phys. Ed Centre.

WATCH FOR THE RETURN OF THE VOYAGEUR MASCOT

Thorneloe's Christmas Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols

Special guests
Anthony Nanne - Thorneloe Student President
Rand Dyck - Principal, University College
Tim Moyle - President Students' General Association
Lloyd Hunt - Intervarsity Christian Fellowship
Gerald - Lafreniere - Directeur Centre d'éducation permanente
James Weaver - Editor Lambda Publications
Jack Porter - Registrar Laurentian University
Iris Martin - Organist Church of the Ascension

N.B. Coffee hour will immediately follow the service in Thorneloe's Social Centre. All are invited.

Time: 5:30 p.m., Thurs., Dec. 7

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OPERA FOR CHRISTMAS

Are you looking for that special Christmas gift? The University Women's Club may have the answer for you. Tickets are now available for the Canadian Opera Company presentation of the opera "The Marriage of Figaro" to be sung in English on Tuesday, March 6, 1979 at the Empire Theatre. The best seats are sold quickly, and the opera plans to be a sell-out. Tickets will be \$5.00 and \$8.00. They will be on sale beginning December 6 at the Eaton's Account Office, Embassy Hairstylists, Jennifer's Place Plaza 69, Wolfe's Bookstore, Simpsons-Sears Account Office or by calling 522-1020. Profits from this venture are returned to the community in the form of scholarships to Laurentian University and to Cambrian College, as well as to other community projects.

MUSAC

Gallery I

Old-Fashioned Christmas

Come enjoy an old-fashioned Christmas with us! Explore the memories of bygone years with the excitement of antique toys, Christmas cards and decorations, etc.

Gallery II

Northern Ontario Art Association "Celebration"

The 22nd annual exhibition contains forty works by artists of Northwestern Quebec and Northeastern Ontario.

Nan Rowley of Ottawa, assisted by Denis Beauchamps, juried this exhibition which has the theme "Celebration". Nan Rowley, Chief juror, commented that she "Enjoyed the enormous range of styles and interpretations...to the theme".

PROTESTANT CHAPEL

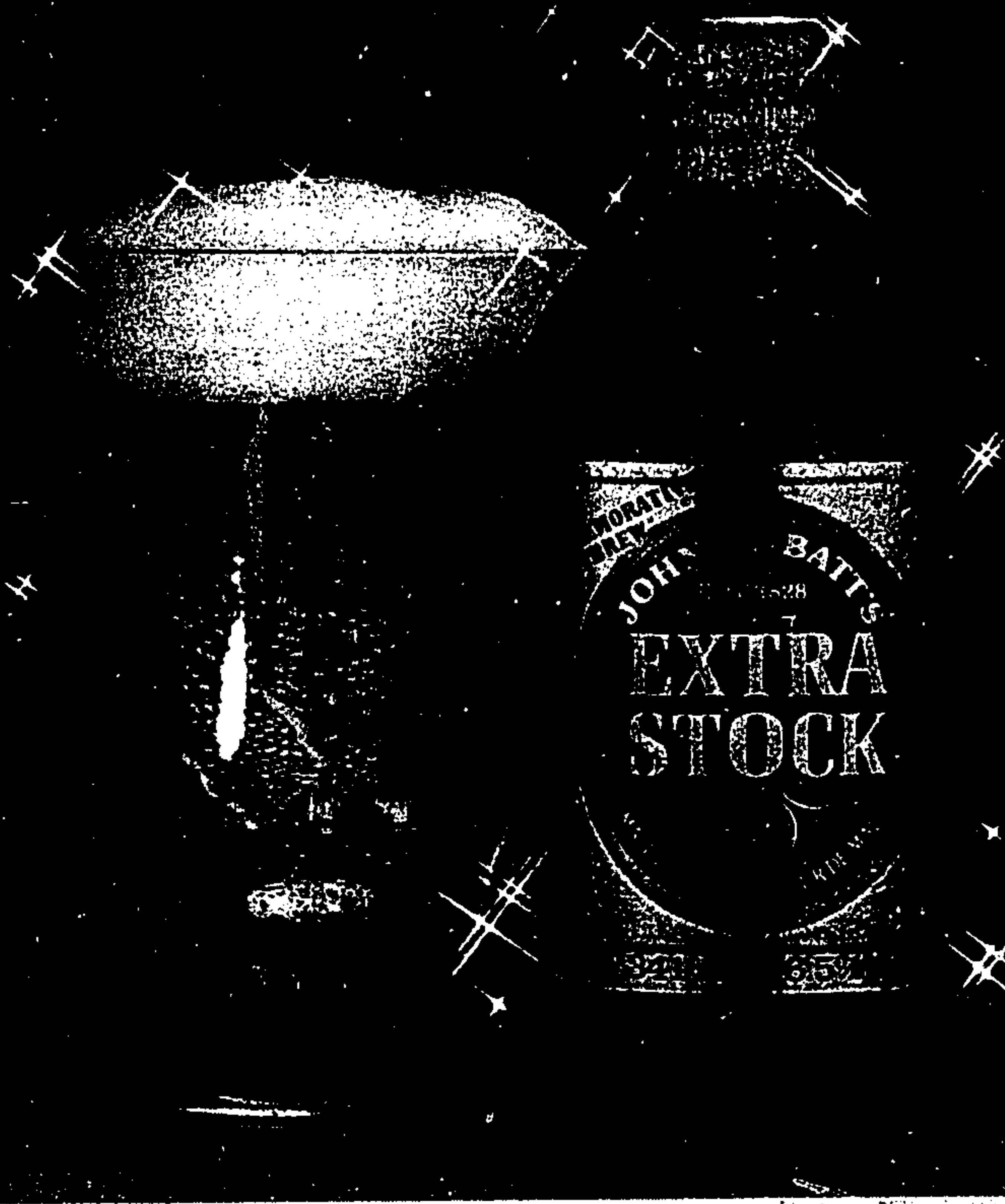
Sunday at 5 p.m.

Dr. Graham Scott will preach on preparing for Christmas at the Huntington College Chapel, Sunday, December 10, at 5:00 p.m. All are welcome.

SHINERAMA BEANS AND BEER BASH

December 16, 1978, 7-9 p.m. at Teacher's College. Huntington, not Thorneloe, won the trophy. Invitations will be extended to all those involved.

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1978-79

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You may qualify for Loan Remission, if:

- you have completed eight or more terms of full-time post-secondary study, or
- you are assessed as a Group B student under the Canada and Ontario Student Loans Plans, but a Group A student* under the grant plan.

*See OSAP literature for definitions.



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